

wonder what the robin sings
About, away up yonder?
and when he spreads his pretty wings
If he is proud—I wonder?

He smoothes his pretty little breast, From twig to twig he dances, lecause his mate looks from the nest With such admiring glances.

She knows—the little dear—no doubt
She must pretend she sees him;
Admiring him is just about
The only way to please him.

And when she wants a worm to est.
She gets it in a minute;
If she will say his chatter sweet.
Has lots of music in it.

It fills him with the rarest bliss
To say his votce is mellow;
She knows the way to manage this
Conceited little fellow.

Then anything she wants, he flies That very moment after, And when he's gone, she nearly dies With little chirps of laughter. And this she sings when 'neath her wing At night her head she's folding, "It's easier to get a thing By coaxing than by scolding."

J. C. CÆSAR, ESQ.

An Authentie Account of a Famous Roman.—His Remarkable Telegram.

People who imagine that George Washington was the original and only genuine Father of his Count-y are very much mistaken.

The Italian gentleman who is the subject of our consideration at this hour beat Mr. Washington about 1,800 years in acquiring such an extensive paternity.

Owing to the fact that the education of the Romans in the English language had been saily neglected, they called him "Fater Paterta."

How Casar came to be so called it shall be my duty to explain, and also to throw light upon a job lot of other events in his career.

Cesar was a Roman.

These people were called roam uns because they overran and conquered all of the world they could get at.

"We want the earth," was their motto

They never conquered America, owing to the fact that Columbus had not had time to discover it up to the era in which they were

booming the subjugation industry.

Ceear was mixed up in several wars, and came back to Rome to be called the Father of his Country, and to have a disdemlet of laurels placed on his alabaster

After that Cesar was a very big man in Bome, and continued to be so until he disre-garded the warning to "beware the ides of March" and became a corpse.

The assassination was engineered by a gang of Anarchists who professed to be very fond of Casar—so fond that they wished to release him from the burdensome cares of

phrase. Et tu, Brute."

This is Latin, and means "O, you brute."

It has been thought by some that Casar
kept a diary, but as this charge has never
been proved against him it must be dis-

He was not without blame, however, for it is admitted that he wrote war articles for the magazines, which were afterward printed in two volumes and sold by subscription at

This work was called "Caser's Comme

This work was called "Casar's Commentaries." They have run through several editions, but Casar himself has received no royalty from their sale lately.

Mr. J. C. Casar was noted for the brevity of his dispatches, which indicates that he would have made a good newspaper reporter, had he the ambition to seek a higher field of activity than the imperator and pater pairies business.

business.

His famous telegram announcing his vio-tory over Pharnaces, son of Mithridates, is an illustration of his perspicacious style. The following is a fee-static of the dispatch: 2,500,000-4-25-58

PARTED WITH WEST CO

	MUMBER 28 B	J. A.	H. H. BAL	THE A	CHINCE 8 Dh.
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If Mr. Cesar could but know that this his mtenice is now pronounced by some rho affect the Queen Anne style of n, "Wahnes, weedee, weekes," he wriestingly regret not having spread t over seventeen sheets of paper, its "Collect". port over sevent

WM. H. SIVITER.

HOP SING'S STORY.

"Laundly business velly good!" exclaimed Hop Sing, as he tossed the last roll of linen into the monster clothes-basket. He had paused frequently during the day to count upon his fingers the profit due him, and though the result was inaccurate, it seemed grailfying, if one might judge from the bland smile overspreading his features at each calculation. Still he seemed troubled, for, now that his daily toll was over, he sat down in a preoccupied way upon a flat iron that had not yet lost its sultry temperature.

"Golly!" he exclaimed, as he rose to his 'eet; "velly much hot; um velly near have to standes up when um catee."

Then making a cushion of several old garments nearby, he seated himself upon it and, leaning his head upon his hand, seemed, presently, obliviously lost in thought.

Hop Sing, although he knew it not, was pondering over a question of ethics. For on his previous visit the annull have had been

pondering over a question of ethics. For on his previous visit the small boy had left a parcel on the table, which the startled Celes-tial on opening discovered to be a cage of

ive rats.

Now, the small boy had promised never again to utter that objectionable word "Rats" in Hop Sing's presence, and the Celestial was endeavoring to settle in his mind if the trick played upon him was equivalent to uttering the detested expression, and if so what course he should pursue with the mischievous small boy.

In the first place he was anxious to read to him his latest literary effort, and secondly he desired to preserve the proper amount of offended dignity.

However, with Hop Sing, as many another, the love of applause prevailed, and he con-

the love of applause prevailed, and he concluded that, should the small boy make his appearance, he would read him his story.

Moreover, Hop Sing had embodied a moral in his tale for the small boy's especial beneat, which was another reason why the fore-

oing decision prevailed.

"O the Chinyman can rub and scrub
And iron and wash all day;

But he don't love cats
And he dotes on rats,
Because he is built that way."
"Whoopee!" exclaimed Hop Sing. "Um

Presently a small, roguish face appeared at the door, cautiously thrust forward, and a pair of mischievous eyes scanned the China-man curiously. Then with guilty hesitation the rest of the small boy's anatomy sided

in through the doorway.

Itop Sing continued to amile encouragnetly, whereat the small boy exclaimed, "Well. Chiney, I've come round for that dury you promised me; got it ready?"

"Yep!" exclaimed Hop Sing, rising quickly to his feet, "Um got nuther stolly—velly

pool. No hoppee jumpee like um other tolly. Um lead it to you."

Probably Hop Sing wished to indicate the nature of his tale by the expression of his ace, for as he returned to his seat with the nanuscript it was overspread with a look of

nical seriousness.
'What's the name of your story to-day?'

"What's the name of your story to-day?" inquired the small boy.

"Glo up, Baldee Head," answered Hopsing, and he commenced reading:

"One times lilly kids glo out walkee; um velly glad sun shines so blite; um glad lilly irds singes so sweet, and um glad um or-hard so velly full gleen apples.

"Um lilly chilluns velly blad; um run way from Sunday school.

"Um buy chew' gum with missionar' cence and buy pipe and smokes.

"Bym-bye um findee gleen apples; blig hole in orchard walle.

"Hookee heap gleen apples; eatee heap

"Hookee heap gleen apples; catee heap

gleen apples.
"Bym-bye lilly kids velly full gle ples and glo to cleek to swimee. Blad boys Lilly kids come out of watte—coldes, shivee
—br-r-r-h!" and Hop Sing shook as with extreme chill, to the small boy's intense amuse-

"Lilly kids velty much mad; they cus and shives; can't get in shirtes; all tied in

"Um fleese and cly; bym-bye lilly kids t um shirtee untied and fightee lilly kids who tied knotes

"Um makee black eye; velly much blood nose. Um fight so hard stir up gleen ap-ples; gleen apples twist lilly inside all up with gripes. Um roll on ground and makee heap

"Vally solly um didn' glo to Sundly school.
"Lilly kids throw away pipee and loses
upper. Um faces velly much white. Bymsupper. Um faces velly much white. Bymbye feel better. Sitee upee an' wipee eyes.
"Ole man comee long—have no welly on

dolly.

"Um telies lilly chilluns 'Glo home, glo black to Bundly school.' Lilly kids laughes velly much and cly, 'Glo upes, baldes head! Glo upes, baldes head.'

"Ole baldes head tell um velly much wrong

"But filly chillun velly much laughee and div:

"Ole baldee head glo away and cly, 'Gloodbye, lilly chilluns; um momy see um no

"But hilly kids cly, "Glo up, baldee head!
Glo up, baldee head!"
"Then hilly kids scleam, hilly kids cly;

veily blig bear come out an' cly:
"'Why tellee ole man glo up, baldee head?" "An' lilly kids say um velly solly um don't

"Um best cly, 'Why play hookee from undly school? Why spendee missionar' entee for chew' gum?"
"An' lilly kids say um velly solly um don't

"Um bear cly, 'Why stealee gleen apples "An' lilly kids say um velly solly um don't

know why.

"Then big bear tole um say players and say good bly, cause it um velly hungly and goin' to eates um all up.

"An' blig bear eat up allee lilly kids an' lick um chopee an' glo away." And Hop Sing

paused.

"Go on!" cried the small boy. "What did the bear est the children up for?"

"Golly" thought Hop Sing. "Small boy no catches pointee." But he explained with a look of disappointment on his face at the small boy's lack of comprehension: "Cause lilly kide telles ole man, Glo up, baldes heades."

CHAS. M. SHYDER.

and, like the others, they all wear sue prescribed costums. At the far end of the hall two large gold and estrich feather fans lean against the wall, and when these are waved the Pope is coming. The Noble Guard of the Pope, all fine-looking men, filt hither and thither in the Sale Ducale, arranging for the procession. Ten o'clock was named for the hour of the Consistory, but it was near eleven when the odirich feather fane were raised, and the people knew the Pope was coming.

It was a magnificent pageant that attended the Pope. First the Kohle Guard, day the described the Pope. rday morning, for the first time in

POPE AND KING.

A GREAT DAY FOR SIGHT-SEEING IN ANCIENT ROME.

The Impressive Ceremonies at a Papa Consistory - Surroundings and Appearance of the Head of the Church - A pee of the King and Queen of Italy.

[Special Correspondence.]

ROME. July 9 .- One is rarely allowed to see a pope, a king, queen and prince all in one day. Yet it was

Pope and witness the ceremony.

The day was horribly rainy, but the

grand plaza outside St. Peter's was

prowded with people and cardinals all

morning. The entrance to the Vatican

is to the right of St. Peter's and here the

crowd was at its thickest.

The cards of admission, great big

pected to occupy, all prescribe the costumes to be worn by the guests. Gen-

tlemen go in full dress with white cra-

vats. This latter is especially stipu-

lated, though one wonders thereat, be

cause he would hardly wear a colored

The ladies must wear black and a large

veil on their heads. This means no bonnets. Entering the long entrance lead-

They are most striking-looking on ac-

ever came across. They wear loose

cravat with "a swallow-tail coat."

Swiss Guard.

leave you standing in the

long passageway in a thin dress suit and a

pasteboard check in your hand. You see your overcost, hat and

mbrella placed on one of the long benches

and a pasteboard with

the corresponding num-

ber on it laid thereon. A jar might throw the

bench over and away

would go the numbers

and you would be in

danger of losing all,

but there is no rem-

edy. Then you follow

the crowd ascending

the long stairway,

and pass through a

his retinue, and all in their robes of state. It was a brilliant sight. Finally the Pope appeared. Borne sloft on his throne by six of his chamberlains in red he blessed the kneeling people as he

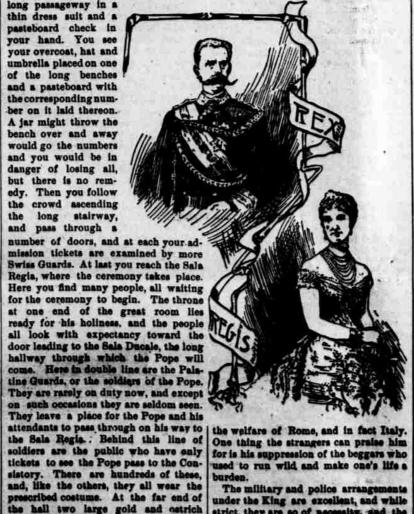
He wore his pontifical vestments. I could not help but notice how weak he looked and seemed. His face had a caulooked and seemed. His face had a cau-tious expression on it, though it is full of benevolence. He raised himself with an effort from his reclining position in his chair, and feebly stretched forth his hand toward the people. As he sank back again against the cushions I could not help but think how much he resembled Senator Payne of Ohio. I have often my good fortune recently to see all four Senator Payne, of Ohio. I have often of these noted people, besides riding in seen the old senator from Cleveland sink



back in his chair in the Senate chambe and close his eyes just as the Pope did to-day. The Pope wore his jeweled tiars until he reached the throne, when the immense solid gold tiars was put on his head. The latter is so heavy that it has to have support resting on the shoulder to help keep the weight off the head. The ceremony of "hatting" pieces of paper, of different colors to denote what places the holders are exthe cardinals is short. The fact which perhaps interested the strangers the most was the humiliation of the princes, displayed by the kissing of the Pope's foot, after which follows the brotherly kiss on the hand. Two attendants carefully lift the robe from the foot of the Pope, the cardinal advances and kluses the foot, the robe is again replaced

and the ceremony is over.

This afternoon the King drove the Queen out. They went to one of the public parks in the most siming to the great stairway you pass the ple style. The absence of display or style after the morning's pomp and fuss count of their picturesque costume, which was designed by Michael Angelo. It is was quite refreshing. The King was in his T-cart with the Queen beside him. yellow and red. It is a most astounding Behind sat two footmen in black livery combination of red ground and yellow wearing violet boutonnieres in their loops and yellow ground and red loops coats. The King wore a dark suit and stockings or leggings of a striped yellow it. He is fine looking and quite gray. and red material and carry in their The Queen is beautiful. She was hands a long spear and a plumed helmet simply dressed, the most conspicuous on their heads. They are the special guard of the Vatican. Passing these harlequin-like men you come across a line of heads. Both the King on their heads. They are the special line of benches, whereat three or four and Queen are popular here. They men officiate and grab you, divest you of seem to like to go among the people your own coat, hat and umbrella and and have done wonders in regard to



the welfare of Rome, and in fact Italy. One thing the strangers can praise him for is his suppression of the beggars who used to run wild and make one's life a

The military and police arrangen

The military and police arrangements under the King are excellent, and while strict, they are so of necessity, and the people now see the wisdem for it.

The prince was out driving, also, this afternoon. He is a fine-looking boy and seems to be most popular. He has more style about his equipage than his father, and travels with his coachmen and footmen in red livery. men in red livery. JOHN S. SHRIVER

A TATAR DOCTOR.

METHODS OF THE MEDICINE MAN OF ASIATIC NOMADS.

His Curious Professional Costume-A Cost Composed of Thousands of Goat-skin Strips—Weird Incantations to Banish Evil Spirits and Obtain the Help of Good.

for instance, as the Kirghese hordes of

In all nomad Tatar communities

the inner Steppe between the Voiga and the Ural—the "Shamman" or medicine-man is a person of first-rate importance. He is the priest and prophet of the wandering tent-folk, physician and soothsayer, saint and thaumaturg. He is regarded as being on familiar terms with the unseen powers of the universe, and is supposed to have direct control over the entire Sammanist Pantheon, from the "tless-tori," or, "good spirits" who ride upon the "red foxes," to the four-horned demons who rule in nether world. His blessing can insure good health and success in life; his prayers can ward off evil and avert early death; his adjurations cure sickness and prevent disease. He is revered as one semi-divine; and no Tatar ceremony, whether in connection with a birth, death, marriage, or funeral, can be performed without him. He has his own "yurts," and this is deemed as sacred to the superstititious nomads as the holy groves and hills, the "stocks" and "stones" which are everywhere objects of worship to the wandering Mongol tribes.

The office of Shamman is not heredi-

tary among the Kirghese Tatars. Only specially endowed individuals are considered eligible for the dignity. The great medicine man of an encampment, known as the "Ulukam," himself selects the pupil or disciple who is to succeed him. He always pitches upon a young man of weak and nervous constitution. one subject to eplieptic fits is deemed specially qualified for the priestly function. Such a one is taken in hand by the elder man, dosed with certain herbs that tend to produce mental elation, taught the mystic language and formulas of Shammanism (for it has a gibberish all its own, which laymen are not suffered to learn), and, lastly, he is instructed in beating the sacred "tiur," a kind of tambourine that is used in the incantations and ceremonies peculiar to the cult. As soon as he has undergone this preparation he is sent to the "holy woods" and obliged to spend twelve months, from spring to spring, in perfect isolation, there to ponder on the mysteries into which he has been inducted and to see if the spirits visit him. If during this period he has visions or falling-fits, or hears strange voices, he is forthwith promoted to be a "kitchi-kama," or "little Shamman," as the people call him; and after another year's probation he becomes a fully qual-lified medicine man.

On all occasions when his services are

in requisition the Shamman wears a special costume, every item of which is deemed sacred. His face is never seen, deemed sacred. His face is never seen, and, whatever ceremony he may be engaged in, his eyes must be kept closed. He wears a conical cap of red cloth, the point formed of the head of a gray owl, its wings and tall hanging down behind. The front bears the six-rayed star, known as the "doni-lambash," worked in shells. From the cap depend scores of long, many-colored ribbons, falling below the waist and completely hiding his face from view. His coat is of goat-skin, fur-side out; and this coat or kaftan, called "kam nichtach," must be made of small nichtach," must be made of small lengths of skin offered to the priest by those who have derived benefit from his exercises. Each "yurta"—no matter ow many occupants it have—is only lowed to give one strip, so that the length of the garment and the number of pieces composing it indicate at once the status of the medicine-man and the the status of the medicine-man and the extent of his practice. It is no uncommon thing in some parts for the kaftan to consist of more than 2,000 separate strips of goat-skin, and when it is no longer practicable to add to the length of the coat it is usual to tie little metal belis and tokens to the ribbons that hand the coat it is usual to tie little metal bells and tokens to the ribbons that hang down from the pointed cap. To the shoulders of the garment are sewn the extended wings of the sacred gray owl, so disposed that the bird appears to be hovering over the wearer when he seats himself upon the ground. In his right hand the Shamman carries the pre-viously mentioned "tiur" — a sort of large-sized tambourine, on which are de-picted in red ochre the principal objects of Shammanist worship and mythology; of Shammanist worship and mythology; the sun, moon and stars; the twelve "tiess-tori" who ride on the sacred red foxes; the symbolical bridge between the upper and the nether world; and the four-horned demons with their red hoofs and claws. The "tiur" is beaten with a kind of wooden mallet covered with fox-fur, known by the name of "orba." As the instrument is employed in all exorcisms and incanta-tions, it is fashioned from the wood of some one or other of the many sacred trees which are found wherever the Tatar nomads have carried their primitive su-perstitions. When beaten all evil spirits must depart; hence it accompanies the medicineman whenever he pays a profes-sional visit to any of his patients.

When a Tatar is taken ill the Sham-man doesn't trouble himself about any diagnosis, nor does he worry himself about remedial measures. He merely orders the "yurta" of the sick man to be removed beyond the limits of the en-campment and pitched so that the doorremoved beyond the limits of the encampment and pitched so that the doorway or entrance faces the setting sun. Twelve fires are lighted at equal distances all round, to form a circle; and the tent is guarded on one side of the door by six young men, and on the other side by six young women. The Shamman then promises to consult the spirits; which can only be done after dusk, when these creatures of the other world are supposed to roam abroad. For this purpose a fire is kindled in the "yurta," and the sick man's friends gather round inside. The moment the sun dips below the horizon and darkness begins to settle down on the camp, the priest in full dress, "tiur" in hand, makes his appearance in the tent and seats himself by the blazing wood. He throws into the fire a few handfuls of tallow and wild thyme, which produce a thick smoke that fills the place; and he then begins to whistle, the Tatars all round preserving the strictest allense. At first he whistles very gently and slowly, then loudly and shrilly, at length giving vent to a series of ear-piercing cat-calls. By this he is understood to be

gray owl, to come to his aid. Suddenly he stops, rises from his place, runs to the opening of the "yurta," and knocks three times upon the wooden framework, thus announcing that the spirits have arrived and want water—for they cannot be consulted until they have had drink. Instantly an assistant seizes a bowl of water which is in readiness and empties the contents up the chimney or smokehole. The Shamman now takes the bowl himself, spins it round in his hand, throws it up in the air and lets it fall on to the ground. If it falls bottom upward, it is a good omen, indicating that the spirits have assuaged their thirst and are now propitious. If the vessel falls otherwise, everything must be done over again. Then the ceremony proceeds. The priest walks three times round the fire, in a direction contrary to the sun, throws in more fat and thyme-leaves, and, amid the smoke, stands down by the bedside of the sick man and, with arms outstretched, pronounces the mystic formula "Brr—Krr": words signifying in the Shamman lingo, "Be healthy and fortunate!" and "Heaven protect

arms outstretched, pronounces the mystic formula "Brr—Krr": words signifying in the Shamman lingo, "Be healthy and fortunate!" and "Heaven protect you!" All present respond, "Be fortunate and live long?"

The good genii are now within the circle, but the Shamman has yet to consult them on behalf of the sick man. So he seats himself again by the fire in the centre of the tent and begins a gentle tapping of the "tiur." keeping time to a slow and monotonous chant. He starts an invocation in the jargon of his cult, and walks rapidly round the "yurta." All at once he begins to hoot like an owl; the Tatars in the "yurta" nod to each other; they say he is communing with the "tchahalgus-toska," the great owl-spirit. He screams like a raven—the black "kuskun," the night-bird, is now conversing with him. He quacks like a duck—he is inquiring of the sacred yellow-bill. He whistles softly—the wood demons are believed to be with him. For fully half an hour this communing with the genii is carried on when the beating of the "tiur" is to be with him. For fully half an hour this communing with the genii is carried on, when the beating of the "tiur" is changed, and the Shamman rushes outside and throws himself upon the ground. He is going in search of the remedy which the spirits have recommended, at least so the action of the priest is interpreted by those inside. He taps steadily upon the tambourine in imitation of the trotting of a horse—he is riding off, the Tatars tell each other. He beats more rapidly—he is galloping. riding off, the Tatars tell each other. He beats more rapidly—he is galloping. He slackens and breathes heavily—he is riding up the hill. He beats the "tiur" irregularly—he has gone wrong and is crossing a river; now quickly, he is once more en route. He rolls about on the ground and calls for help—the evil spirits are supposed to have attacked him as he is grasping the herbs for which he seeks. He screams, shrieks and shakes from head to foot in simulated pantomime—he is struggling with the demons, but at length is victorious. The regular beating of the "tiur" is resumed, and the people inside say he is riding home again. Not unfrequently this part of the ceremony is protracted for hours, for the further the Shamman has to go—and he really is believed to travel in spirit form—and the greater the difficulties he encounters, the more difficulties he encounters, the more highly prized the remedy he brings. At length, he rushes into the tent, crushes some leaves he has about him in a bowl of curdled milk, which he administers to the sick man, and, once more pronounc-ing the benediction "Brr-Krr," the cere-

mony is at an end.

If the patient recovers, the medicine man receives the usual reward; if not, and the sick person survive, the performance is repeated on the night of the next new moon.

JACKSON'S BRIDE.

The Montana Terror Has Met His Match a Last in His Fifth Wife. Old Bud Jackson, one of the terrors of Montana, lost his fourth wife, and came over into Dakota for a fifth victim. He met

and married the widow Baggs, a frail, gen-tle-looking little woman, who had just been left a widow for the third time and seemed crushed to earth by her losses.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson wended their way to Bud's Montana home, and as the gushing bridegroom led his bride into his lovely cot of one room and introduced her to his favor-

"You want to remember, Mrs. Jackson that I'm the boss here. Don't you never forgit that. The four dear companions that I've laid away mighty soon found that out. All I ever had to do was to crook my finger and they come a-runnin' to know what I wanted. There wa'n't no hangin' back nor askin' questions. You see that ox gad up there? Well, that's the little arbytrater that useter settle any slight diff rences I ever had with the four dear companions that are gone. They ginerally suckkumed after 'bout six licks, an' I hope you'll be equally ebesjent.

"Now s'posen' you take my boots an' clean 'em up an' grease 'em. They're got mighty muddy while we was on our tower. Clean 'em up good. I'm mighty pertickler 'bout my boots, an' I'd hate to take that air gad down the fust day you was in your new home. Come an' pull off the boots."

The frail, asd-eyed little bride did not move. Her pretty lips began to tremble, and her gentle bosom heaved.

"You comin'?" roared Jackson. "Hev I got to snatch down that air gad? Oh, yer comin', eh?"

She came. She snatched down the gad on her way, and with set teeth and eyes that.

got to snatch down that air gad? Oh, yer comin', eh?"

She came. She snatched down the gad on her way, and with set teeth and eyes that twinkled merrily she landed within two feet of Bud. He had faced wildcats and hyenas, but never anything like this. A conflict ensued; it was short, flerce and decisive. It ended in Bud's crawling under the bed, and as his bride prodded him with a hoe-handle she gayly shouted:

"Ye pore innercent thing ye! Hadn't no mo'sense ner to raise the dander of Lisy Jane Bargs Jackson, her that never did nor never will take a word of sass from any man living. Ye'd better crawl clean through the wall. Oh, ye'll holler 'nuff.' hey? Well, you go and cut a month's supply o' store wood 'fore you show yer face in this cabin agin. I'll learn ye who's boss here!"—Tid-Bits.

Eastern Pennsylvania is about to start gas boom to offset the natural gas movement gas boom to offset the natural gas movement of the more favored section of the State. It is stated that the Westinghouse Company has succeeded, after considerable experimenting, in reducing anthracite coal to a gas for fuel so as to make it a formidable competitor to the natural product. The Wyoming valley will be the centre of the new enterprise. It will be easy to carry the raw gas in pipe lines almost any distance, as the gas from anthracite does not possess the penetrative or explosive qualities which make natural gas lines so very dangerous. Thousands of acres of coal lands are now being bought by the gas projectors.

Through by Lightning A man was in the smoking car on a Da ota train, and put his head out a window to look at some stock. In drawing back, his fine silk hat came off and fell down by

"See here, conductor," he yelled, "I lost a
\$5 hat out of this window—what are you
going to do about it?"
"Just step back to the hind platform of
the sleeper and pick it up as you go past,"
replied the conductor. "We're behind time
and trying to make it up, so I can't stop for
it."—Bloss Fulls (Dak.) Bell.

What Shall We Drink? people say the man's a fool drinks ice water to keep cool. AN ANIMATED SEWER.

The Mouth of the Alligator a B for All Kinds of Insects The Mouth of the Alligator a Receptable for All Einds of Insects.

An observer down South says an alligator of throat is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his viotuals hunfor him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, them a fighther than the several gnats and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholessle. A little later a lisard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all st once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie and opens his great front door again for more visitors.—Scientific American.

Buffalo Bill Performing a Marris Buffale Bill Performing a Marriage.

I had been elected a magistrate for the State of Nebraska, and was one evening astonished by the visit of one of the sergeants of the post who desired to be marriage or even assisted at one, and the statutes of Nebraska contained nothing in the way of form or directions. I therefore had perforce to rely upon my ingenuity on this occasion, and felt somewhat confused. However, I turned to the lovers and said to the bridegroom:

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, to support and love her through life?"

"Ide," replied the man.
"And do you," I said to the bride, "take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?
"I do," said the woman.
"Then join hands, and know that I prenounce you two to be man and wife, and whomsoever Buffalo Bill joins together let no man put asunder."—London Globe. There are many ways of bringing mat

to tHE NOtice of the public, but the pHE NOmenal force of the Public, but the pass
NOmenal force of tHE NCvel method invented by Hon. Booby FeathlEers NOt only
calls attention to the desired article but admits of pleasant news items being utilized in
a harmless manner, to the advantage both of
the reader and advertiser without loss of valuable space or time.

The result of the constant labor of years of

tHE NOted statesman aforesaid is the evolving of a plan of advertising, by the simple ing of a plan of advertising, by the simple admixture of a little upper case, in the NOtable manner shown in the present article, differing so from the NOrmal fashior of perfect uniformity of type, usually adopted heretofore.

Whether the matter of news relates to the

whether the matter of news relates to the NOmenclature of a nation, tHE NOdulas question of the day, tHE NOcturnal rambles of tHE NOcrambulist, tHE NOvitate of a nun, or tHE NOtions of tHE NObility, tHE NOteworthy advantage in every way can-not be underrated.

It is worthy of remark that the He-Ne TEA of Martin Gillet & Co., of Baltimora, has tHE HOnor of being the first article ad-

vertised by Mr. Feathers' new plan, which the Goths and Vandals will observe is copyrighted.
Some years ago there was imported as an

experiment into New York from China an invoice of uncolored green sea. It was offered to the trade at a reasonable advance over the cost of importation without finding a purchaser and finally was sold at a loss, while similar teas with color paid a

profit.

We bought the greater part of this involce We bought the greater part of this involve of uncolored tea, and then decided that, not withstanding the loss on this lot, we would continue the experiment of introducing uncolored tea. We realised at the start the difficulties of overcoming the prejudices in favor of an appearance and decided that the people must be induced to buy the tea without seeing it.

It may be imagined that this has been up-bill work—advantiging costs money. We have

fill work—advertising costs money. We have spent many thousands of dollars at expos-tions in explaining and showing to the people the advantages that the uncolored tea offers to them. Other methods we have been offers to them. Other methods we have been compelled to resort to to overcome prejudices. It has only been within the last few years that this selling of uncolored tea in America has gotten beyond an experiment. He-No Tea was the pioneer and is to-day the leader in its effort to open the eyes of the public to the absurdity of buying tea to look at. By those efforts to introduce He-No Tea rather to state the facts, and as far as our means would admit have published the facts

is we understand them.

We think the key note of our advertise ments that makes them of any interest is that they are true; if they were not the truth then indeed we have squandered our money, for it is throwing money to the dogs to try and fool the people into buying an article by mis-representation especially when your profit only comes by a continuous dersand from

he people. We again and again ask you to try He-Ne les, and we show you how easy it is to pro-ure, and the tea once in your possession you an attest the truth of all that we claim-

These advertisements, which are nothing more than talks about tes, are for the "un-converted." If He-No Tes is not good tes our telling you so after you have tried it will not make you like it, and if you do not like it, all: our money and labor is lost, for is costs us more than we get when we send a sam ple package, as the postage eats up the profit, but we know from experience that nineteen out of twenty who try He-No Ter and make out of twenty who try He-No let and many it in an earthenware vessel like it better than any tea they ever drank. It you use kinglish Breakfast tea we would not advise you to try Breakfast tea we would not advise you to try He-No. for the two file yers are entirely different, but there is very little of this tea used, and as we have stated before the flavor and quality of He-No suit most every one, and so we have done this to induce the pe-pie to try He-No Tea, that it may be introduced in try He-No Tea, that i. may be introduced in the stores, and thus bring the business di-rectly to us, without any solicitation on our

A WORD OF CAUTION.

We regret that it becomes necessary for us to caution those who intend buying He-Ne Tea to beware of imitations, many of which Tea to beware of imitations, many of which have sprung up since the success of He-Ne has become an assured fact.

We do not ask you to buy anything which

We do not sak you to buy anything which you do not want.

But we do ask, if you have made up your mind from the vast amount of good that you have heard of He-No Tes, and wish to try it, that you do not permit yourself to be indusned to buy any other tea instead. There is but a small profit on He-No Tes, hence the anxiety of some dealers to press other teas upon you, using the argument that "it is just as good or better," that it "lasts longer," and they "know what it is." We sak that you insist upon having what you have made up your mind to get.

To those who have used He-No and discovered its great merit and quality, this constion is unnecessary, but those who have never drank it and wish to try it, should politely resist all persuasive efforts to take as a substitute other teas.

BOW TO GET HE-NO THA.

If you are a DEALEE, write to Martin à On, Baltimers, Hd., and they utilized you prion and terms. If you are a CONSUMEE, and your date